

And roses of loveliest been Let us two them in wreaths and in garlands. In cross and in anchor and crown. And on the law graves of our comrades. We lay them in reverence down.

There Time, with the tenderest fingers There Time, with the tendermy, unpo-tine bidden the soft grasses wave. And the wild flowers blossom in beauty Above every stumberer's grave. The robbs sizes there his gay carolis— all values of nature are heard. And dally their music uprise th From breeze and from bee and from bird

e cares not if moss or if numble Or naught mark the place of their rest-On each fall the sears of the raindrops. She heepeth each safe in her broads.

She heepeth each safe in her broads.

Her dataless unfull their white petals.

Althe o'er the high and the low.

In venture she hides them in summer.

In winter she gives them her anow.

We come with our garlands in springs We come with our granteds in systection. To dealt the havenambs where they lie. Yet mature, car mother, is kinder. For its each state hands and our motion, the most state hands and our motion that once, and perchange with a tear, list the songs and the sixting of nature. Noter cease through the effecting year?

Our cortands will fade and will wither Our privates will fade and will wither, iters blossom snew with the spring. Our sades must die out into sileme. Her unthems more joyonsig ring! With those whose ions mounds we're at he with those whose ions mounds we're share. And the tender arms of our mother Enfold as with live loving care.

Sound, model with saddest of dire ad commutes, while gently their sighing In associated thermony floats— Come forth, with your hands full of flowers

With gardaut, with cross, and with cross.
And on the low graves of our prothers.
Oh, lay them in reverence down!
- Mary N. Robinson, in Good Housekeeping.



"She took up that claim three years ago, an' she's done well." .

plain stretched away to the unbroken ly to come ter his senses any time now, cirve of the horizon without another cleam to relieve its uniformity.

The meadowlarks, balancing themselves on long weed stalks forgotten by hope.' the winds of winter, saw it, and with "TI gleeful trills sonred away. A big-eyed suiden, quick toss, scampered for a Hester went quietly to work at her

"Folks probably think I'm foolish or erazy," mused Hester, talking to the horse, for want of better company. "But I don't care. Ther ain't nobody here ex will take hold an' remember th' boys thet fell, an' so I'll do it. I ain't fergot it in twenty years, an' I don't intend ter begin now. It's all right, any-way, fer-Whoa! What's that?"

She had left the high prairie and was driving through a narrow ravine, the sides of which reached upward on either hand:

A rattling of wheels caught her ear Nearer and nearer came the sound and then over the crest of a little knoll in advance came two horses' heads, and behind, creaking and swaving as the animals dashed madly down the declivity, a white canvas-covered "prairie schoon-er." that familiar ship of the plains so often freighted heavily with hope or disappointment.

Frightened, yet with her wits about her, Hester reined her horse to onside and gathering her skirts leaped to the ground. A white face showing inside the approaching wagon determined her to stop the runaway at any cost-

Soutching the flag by its staff from her buggy, she suddenly waved it with all her strength directly in the path of the horses, now so nearly upon her.

With a bound they leaped backward and then aside, bewildered by the strange sight. Then a crash! and then the heavy wagon was lying on its side among the dead sunflower stalles and tumble weeds, while the furious horses. broken loose from their fastenings, had left the ravine and were tearing away

across the level prairie.
"What have I done?" mouned Hester, her nervous strength vanishing as she saw the chaos at her feet.

A groun from the heap of wheels, boards and canvas at the foot of the little bluff groused her.

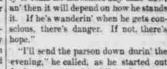
Going to the heap of debris she tore away the cloth from the top of the wagon. A man's form lay beneath it, pinned down by a heavy cross-board which had been a part of the wagor box. A brass button on his coat told that he was not a stranger to the flag she had waved, and with stouter heart he set to work to drag him from his position. At last she succeeded and had laid the

now fainting form on a patch of grass dimpled with violets that lurked in the recesses of the ravine. She turned the form over and wiped the dirt and blood from the clean-shaven face.

With a cry she started back and sank for a moment helpless beside her for Har charge. Then with an effort she pulled for sure. her strength together and went on with

Reverently she wrapped the stars and stripes around the stranger, and some how managed to lift him into the old surrey. Then with one arm steadying Squire Mark the unconscious man she turned the ley, turning to horse homeward.

Stretched out on the scrupulously clean bed in the plain yet comfortable "Looks kind o' lonesome like." said boyish expression was on the still face, the storekeeper as they left the little and yet gray hairs told of a man's claim-shack or cabin, behind them.



"I'll send the parson down durin' the evening," he called, as he started out rabbit beside the path gazed at it in for home. "an' mebbe I'll be here my wonder, and then, as the banner gave a self."

evening tasks, taking now and then an anxious look toward the bed. The old horse was feed and the stable door closed against the damp spring air.

"I didn't deckerate th' graves after all, did 17" exclaimed the owner of the claim, talking to herself, "an' th' flowers is all in th wagin. I'll take 'em infinitesimal pieces that it is at once in fer him ter look at-it'll be jest as

A tender expression came into her face at the words.

Loaded with the wild blossoms-the wind-flowers, violets and early red roses which she had gathered during the past week-she reentered the cabin and placed the rude bouquets beside the soldier's couch.

Something in the fragrance of the blossoms, or in the approach of Hester, reached the drowsy senses of the sleep-er, and as she leaned over the bed his eyes suddenly opened and their blue depths looked steadfastly into the brown ones of the hostess.

"Hester!" The words sprang instinctively from the pale lips.
"Jim!" she replied, with a dry, hard

sob that seemed to come from her inmost heart.

"I've looked for you so long." whis-pered the man, "I thought I'd never "And I thought you'd never come.

"You knew me when I did meet you?"
"Yes, Jim. I'd know you always. But me! I'm so changed. How could you know me?

'Yes, you're changed and so am I. but those eyes could belong to no one

Then flowed on the stream of talk as she sat beside him with one of his white hands clasped in both her wrinkled brown ones. He told of continement in southern prisons; of long delays before he could work his way home; of finding her gone to the west; of a search that was unsuccessful and a heart-sickness that resulted in a start for home; of the runaway while en route. She told of troubles in her family; of being thrown on the world alone; of mourning him as lost; and her life on the plains

It had grown quite dark, but they

Suddenly footsteps were heard out side and a hearty knock shook the cabin

"It's the minister," whispered Hester ervously, "he's come to see you. We won't need him now-shall I tell him ter go home?"

Jim clung to her wrist. "Yes, we do need him," he pleaded, "you know what and hind fingers are webbed so that it for. Have him stay and we'll settle it

She hesitated a moment and then throwing open the door invited the minister and his companion, the doctor to enter

'It didn't take more'n ten minutes fer th' preacher ter catch onto th' fine pints in th' case an' splice th' two wan derers as tight ez th' law could hold 'em," said the doctor the next day at the settlement store. "Th' feller's gitcabin he was not bad looking. A frank, boyish expression was on the still face, and yet gray hairs told of a man's years. Sickness had evidently made the settlement store. The letters given the still face, and yet gray hairs told of a man's thing by th' dead soldiers, but she made a live one mighty comfortable an' that'll do fer one Memorial day." M. Harger, in Detroit Free Press

THE LAZZARONI.

A Class That Toils Not, Neither Does It

A century ago there were thirty thousand "lazzaroni" in Naples. Neither nor want has dimi number. Their children die at a fear ful rate, but there are many hospitals for the survivors, and neither board nor lodging costs them much, when, at a mature age, they are turned loose into the world to become "lazzaroni" in their turn. like their unknown fathers and mothers. What is a "inzzarone it may be asked. According to Colletta he is a being who lives how he can without working. If he puts hand to honest labor he is no longer a "lazzarone." It may be doubted whether the "lazzarone" will ever become extinct The "resanitation" scheme will not oust him nor make him change his habits. He is more than half what his elimate makes him.

A Neapolitan has said that love is the only occupation of the unoccupied. If this be really so, imagine the condition of Naples! As far as observation goes, the "lazzaroni," as a class, seem to sider the effort of extraneous courtship mewhat too strong for them. They will throw sparks in plenty into the in-flammable hearts of their fair acquair.tance, but it will be rather from the sheer love of deviltry begotten of idleness than because they are in the toils of a consuming affection. "Friendship! nothing more?" whispers a handsome brown giant into the ear of a maid as brown as himself, whom for half an hour he has been plying with what seem to be insidious advances, and whose dark eyes have begun to gleam with passion. If the girl be a good girl, she answers: she answers: "Certainly, nothing more," and the chaff continues. Otherwise, a frown and a pout of the full lips tell the man that he may, if he dare run the risk, go a step further. Truth to say, woman is the prime cause of very many of the deaths by the knife. Although human nature is in few cities more human and less divine than in Naples, the verdict which acquits the man who avenges with the dagger the wrong done to his wife or sister, or gives him but a trifling sentence, is held

to be very just .- National Review. -James A. Spurgeon, who is to earry on the ministerial duties of the Londor tabernacle, is a younger brother of the late famous preacher and has for som time been assistant pastor of the great church. He also has a church at Croyden, but for many years past most of his time has been devoted to superinOUT OF THE ORDINARY.

THE superintendent of the New York state lunatic asylum says that the exitement while engaged in the game of baseball has cured several patients.

A MAN in Hagerstown, Md., has an egg which was laid by a Plymouth Rock hen which has clearly defined upon its shell the imprint and letters of a foreign piece of money. The date 1822 and the word "Constitution" can easily be deriphered.

Ir is not generally known that ar brange hit in the exact center by a rifle will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact. Shooting it through the center scatters it in such lost to sight.

THE Schenoctady Evening Star says that a letter was received in the post office of that town bearing a Texas postmark and addressed as follows in Ger-"Mr. Rev. G. W. Drees, Servant of God, Learned man of Scripture, Preucher over the Sheep, Bucks and Mother-lambs of the Congregation of Flod.

A cumous collection was found by the appraisers of the personal property of Mrs. Julia Swinford, of Kentucky, who died recently. She had been the possessor of ten pairs of shoes that had never been worn, fifteen pairs of scissors, scores of spools of thread, and one hundred and tifteen nighteaps, all of lifferent styles and patterns

KNOWLEDGE IN SMALL DOSES.

itto Great is the name of a winding stream in Missouri. A DARRY show is to be held at Ham-

burg, Germany, in 1894. New Yourcesty averages ten fire alarms every twenty-four hours.

FRUNCH farmers prefer horse rakes that are made in the United States, as they are both cheaper and more easily

Four families of Penobscot Indians lived last winter in a board shanty at Cape Elizabeth and earned together \$110 a month at basket making.

Musk in its natural state is said to be the national perfume of many tribes, who annually slaughter thou-sands of the rats for their musk pouches and their skins.

THE stockmen of South Dakota have recently imported from Tennessee a number of Russian wolf hounds to help in the extermination of wolves, which have of late been killing numbers of calves and colts.

RECENT SCIENTIFIC FINDS.

THERE is a tract of ground in Levy county, Fla., in which three holes have been dug thirty feet apart and each excavation has laid bare parts of the skeleton of a huge animal.

PROP. BICKSORE recently exhibited in New York a variety of frog whose fore can fly, in the manner of the flying squirrel, from tree to tree. These frogs inhabit Borneo.

A specimes of capped petrel, a bird supposed to be extinct, or at least a lost species, was found recently in England. The original home of the petrel is said to have been the islands of St. Domingo and Gaudaloupe.

A NEW species of mammal allied to the ant-eaters has been recently dis covered in Sumatra and described by a Dutch naturalist. It has a long tongue which is of use in collecting ants, whose nests it digs out with its long claws.

THE recent discovery of prehistorie copper implements on the site of an ancient Indian village near Betterton Md., is considered as furnishing another link in the chain of evelence that among the most remote tribes there ex isted a system of intertribal trade.

A MAN is as old as he feels, but not always as big, not by a heap.-Indianapolis Journal.

Don't talkabout yourself in company. It can be done much more satisfactorily after you have left.

It isn't much trouble for a man to make his mark in politics. The trouble is in removing it.-Columbus Post.

It is an easy matter for a man to tell who his friends are in politics, but not who they are going to be.-Washington

No woxness the minutes fly so fast-they ne making up time

The forger is not wholly had. He is ever ready to write a wrong -- lioston Transcript.

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A. N. K .- H. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE

tenderness to the storekeeper's eyes-a tattered flag tossing its folds in the prairie breezes as it floated behind the wagon. He had followed the old stars and stripes over too many fields not to heart warmed by the unexpected sight. "She does it reg'ler," went on Markley. "Ev'ry Deckeration day she gits out th' flag an' puttin' in her wagin goes over ter th' little prairie cemet'ry

the matter. I reckon she's been dis-

times, I guess, (er-there she goes now.

Leaving the rude stable behind the claim-shack was a rickety, old-fash-

ioned surrey, drawn by an ancient

steed of unkempt appearance. The

woman driving was angular and unat-

tractive, but there was something about

the outfit that brought a suspicion of

I was jest a-tellin' veh how 'twas."

an deckerates th' graves. Ther' ain't many ter see to yit, yer know," he added, "fer th' settlemint ain't very old an' only half a dozen hez died-includin' th' hoss thief that was took sudden with bemp disease. Ter-day's Decker-

Hester Lang drove serenely on, un conscious of the attention she had attracted. There was a Sunday peacefulness on her face and she turned often in her seat to gaze lovingly on the faded ensign behind her. It was the only bit of gay color in all the wide Kansas

"Needs a man around; that's what's ravages in the face's fullness and the ap'inted some time er nother-in war tenuousness.

SHE SUDDENLY WAVED IT WITH ALL HER STRENGTH

lying quietly. Hester closed the door behind her and taking her buggy set off at the old horse's best pace across the prairie after the individual who combined the professions of agriculture

"Is that you, Miss Hester?" asked the jolly doctor as she rode up to his cabin after a three miles' journey.
"Not sick, I hope," he added before she could answer.

delicacy of the situation dawned upon her sensitive mind and the faintest suspicton of a blush freshened the windtanned cheek. "You see it was this way," she began, resolutely. a man from a ranaway an' he's over to th' house, unconscious. You must come an' fix him."

along over the plain. As they ap-proached the "shack" Hester grew visibly nervous, but her companion made ters to think of "Do you think he will-that it is seri-

ons?" anxiously asked the woman, looking into the physician's face.

thin hands were almost ghastly in their

Having seen that the stranger was and medicine for a livelihood.

"No, but-" then she stopped, the

In a moment the two were jogging no comment, and as they found the stranger still oblivious to the world and its happenings, they soon had other mut-

"No. I guess not, though he had a mighty | tending the agencies at work in co The uniform green of the close shave," was the reply, "He's like- tion with the tabernacle.